Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.
H. Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King, King *Richard* lies
With the limits of yon lime and stone,
And with him the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord Salisburie,
Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a Cleargie man
Of holie reuerence, who I cannot learne.
North. Oh belike it is the Bishop of *Carleile.*
Bul. Noble Lords,
Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Castle,
Through brasen Trumpet send the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.
H. Bul. on both his knees, doth kisse king *Richards* hand.
And sends alleageance and true faith of heart
To his Royall person: hither come
Euen at his feete, to lay my armes and power:
Prouided, that my banishment repeald,
And lands restored againe be freely graunted;
If not, ile vse the aduantage of my power,
And lay the summers dust with showres of blood,
Raind from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen?
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, such chrimson tempest should bedrencht,
The fresh greene lap of faire King *Richards* land,
My stooping dutie tenderlie shall shew.
Go signifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the grassie carpet of this plaine;
Lets march without the noyse of threatning drumme,
That from this Castles tattered battlements,
Our faire appointments may be well perusd.
Me thinks King Richard and my selfe should meete
With no lesse terrour then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake,
At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of heauen.
Be he the Fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne
My Water's on the earth, and not on him:
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (A